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MISSIONARY TO THE TELEGUS.

Among those wonderful recitals of the "Miracles of Missions" that thrilled the attenders at the great International Missionary Conference in London three years ago, says a writer in the *Christian*, perhaps the most remarkable and thrilling of all was that of the Telegu Mission at Ongole, India. The chief human actor in this unparalleled Gospel drama has been Rev. J. E. Clough.

Mr. Clough was born at Chatauqua, in the State of New York, in the year 1836. He lived the usual life of a farmer's son till he was nearly seventeen years of age. When he was at the age of eight his parents removed to the State of Illinois, and, five years later, to Iowa, then a very "new" country; the aboriginal Indians had but recently left it. When young Clough was seventeen he joined the United States Survey, proceeding to the territory of Minnesota. Here he spent the succeeding four years, at the end of which time he had risen to the post of Deputy Surveyor under the Government, with a salary about as large as he receives to-day after more than twenty-five years' toil in the foreign mission field. Being desirous of more education, he threw up this appointment, with all its lucrative prospects, and went to college at Burlington, Iowa, thinking to study for a few years, and then enter the profession and practice of the law.

Mr. Clough had not been in college many months when the Lord turned both his heart and his head in a different direction; but it was not till two years' further study that he yielded to the unmistakable call of God. While he was studying for the Christian ministry Dr. Osgood, then a returned missionary from Burmah, came along to the college at Burlington, and that visit was the starting-point of the young student's missionary aspirations.

For five years he taught and then resigned his appointment. Immediately on his resignation being accepted, Mr. Clough offered himself to the American Baptist Publication Society as a missionary colporteur in the State of Iowa. This post he received and filled for a year. Before that period had expired he had discovered that the work of colportage would not satisfy his longings. The Committee of the American Baptist Missionary Union, to whom he had applied, invited him to Boston to meet them and in August, 1864, he was accepted as a foreign missionary.

Just then the venerable Dr. Jewett, missionary to the Telegus, was at home seeking to revive an interest in that field. For nearly thirty years the missionaries had toiled and seen little fruit of their devoted labor. A period of discouragement set in, and it was even contemplated to withdraw the workers to another field. It came to be called the "Lone Star Mission." Dr. Jewett, however, was determined not to relinquish the work, and as he was returning to India, the Boston Committee resolved to associate Mr. Clough with him in what seemed a forlorn hope.

In November, 1864, Mr. Clough was ordained at Burlington, Iowa, and immediately started with his wife and Dr. Jewett for Madras, which was reached in March, 1865. After the lapse of two or three weeks they proceeded to Nellore, then the headquarters of the Mission. They found matters at a very low ebb. After more than twenty-five years' hard work by earnest and faithful men there were scarcely twenty persons in connection with the Mission as converts. There seemed to be no desire on the part of the people for the Gospel message, but the reverse. They were glad to receive the benefits of secular education, but they wanted no Bible teaching.

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Mr. Clough was moved, at his own request, to Ongole, some eighty miles further north, and in September, 1866, he commenced work there. Dr. Jewett had permitted him to take with him some of the converts. He divided his little company of workers into couples, and sent them to all the regions round about to deliver the Gospel message. After about three months Mr. Clough and his helpers went out on an evangelistic tour, as Ongole had got too small to hold them. Then he sent word to the villages many miles around that they had come to preach this new religion, and all who wished to hear of it were invited to come. About fifty came the first day, and the number grew. By the evening of the fourth day twenty-eight natives had given evidence of being really converted to God, and Mr. Clough baptized them. They are the first-fruits of the work at Ongole. Speaking of those twenty-eight after a lapse of a quarter of a century since their baptism, Mr. Clough declares that not one of them has fallen away from the faith. Many of them have died triumphant Christian deaths, and to-day there are four or five of them still preaching the Gospel to their countrymen.

In 1876 that part of the country in which he labored was visited with a serious famine. The missionary felt it to be his duty to step into the breach and endeavor to save the lives of the people, putting on one side for the time all special evangelistic work. For about the space of two years, no baptisms of converts took place.

As an important step in the programme of relief, Mr. Clough took a Government contract for excavating some three miles of the Buckingham Canal, then in process of formation in the Telegu district. He arranged for giving employment to large numbers of the famine-stricken natives, making no distinction between professed Christians and others. The Government made money advances to him, and out of these he purchased food for the starving people. They were relieved in detachments, and when they had gained some strength they were set to work on the canal.

Mr. Clough had chosen some thirty or forty of his most reliable catechists and lay-preachers, and appointed them as overseers of the workers, while he superintended the whole. In addition to the sums received from Government, contributions for the relief fund were received from the missionary Board in America, who approved of the action that Mr. Clough had taken. When the three miles of canal were completed, Mr. Clough withdrew from further responsibility, but the native catechist undertook two miles more, and thus continued to give the natives employment. Every Lord's Day morning the catechists gathered the people together, when the missionary preached to them collectively; for the rest of the day they were looked after by the catechists, and comforted in their loneliness and absence from home. While the men were at work the overseers would carry a Bible in one hand and a measuring stick in the other, so that no opportunity of benefiting the workers spiritually might be lost.

When five miles of canal had been dug the welcome rain came; and then of course every one wanted to go home and sow their fields; meantime, however, their cattle had died, and their houses were in a terrible state of dilapidation. The people had to harness themselves to plough and harrow in order to get the grain sown and covered in. When the crop was a little grown there came a long, cold, soaking rain and killed it all. Another crop was sown in the same way as before, when a plague of locusts came and almost everything was destroyed for the second time.

The outlook was now very gloomy indeed, but Mr. Clough did not fold his hands

in despair. He had telegrams sent all through India and America and Great Britain stating the critical condition of the population and appealing for relief. It was very late in the season for a third crop, and multitudes must inevitably have perished if speedy help were not sent. A Mansion House Committee was formed in London, and word was telegraphed to India to draw on it for money. A committee of distribution at Ongole sent news all over the country that the really destitute would receive help in food, and seed for sowing. The missionaries at Nellore and other places assisted in the work of relief. A third crop, this time of quickly maturing millet, was sown, and it grew in sufficient quantities to tide the people over the crisis for several months till they could sow the larger and more sustaining crop of rice. It was not till September 1878 that there was any real harvesting, but the people's lives were, at least, kept within the margin of existence.

The distribution of relief had to be stopped about June 1878. Mr. Clough intimated to the people that no more help could be given, and further, that he did not intend to baptize any converts till after the next crop was reaped. He had not held a regular meeting of the mission for about a year and a-half. The work was now scattered over 300 or 400 villages. A quarterly meeting of the workers had usually been held before famine time, and one of these gatherings was now convened for July 2, at the travellers' bungalow, ten miles distant from Ongole. Candidates for baptism were specially desired not to attend.

What was Mr. Clough's surprise, on reaching the place of meeting, to find instead of a select band of workers, between 4,000 and 5,000 people there. Of course no building could contain them, and the missionary had to mount a wall and address the throng, desiring to know what they had come for, as he had no further help to give them. They answered that they had come for baptism. Mr. Clough replied that he had already made it known there would be no baptisms till after the crop was reaped. If he were to baptize that immense crowd, the whole Christian world would condemn the act, and he could not bear the responsibility.

When he had ceased speaking the people raised the cry, "We do not come here to get money. You have told us you cannot give us more help. But you have given us work at the canal; you have preached the Gospel to us, and we have believed it. Now we know that if this crop is a failure we shall all die, and we want to die as Christians; we do not want to die as heathen." Every time the missionary spoke to them they would answer him in the same words. He retired to the Bungalow for a brief season and there cried to God for guidance as to what he should do. Light seemed to be given him, so he returned and said to the crowd: "I will accede to your request, though it is against my judgment; but I do not know what else to do." He supposed that probably about a thousand candidates would come forward. He gathered his workers together; formed them into twenty groups; instructed them to examine all the people they knew from the different villages, and to find out who were really worthy to receive baptism and who were not worthy. When they got through their task they were to report to him. This work of investigation went on for a whole day, and next day they commenced to baptize those who were deemed worthy. Meantime the meetings for inquiry were going on. Delegations kept coming in from the villages all round begging him to go there, as there were many of the people who were too weak and sick to travel, and they did not want to die without confessing Christ in baptism. Mr. Clough telegraphed to the Theological School at Ootacamund for help. One of the workers responded. He went in one direction, while Mr. Clough went in another, with the result that by the end of 1878 nearly ten thousand heathen, who gave good evidence of conversion, had been enrolled among the professed followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

After the great ingathering of converts during 1878, steady progress continued to be made. The Gospel was freely preached to the masses of the poor, though not exclusively confined to them. Schools were established in all directions for training the converts.

In 1882 the work had developed to such an extent that the Ongole district was divided into five separate stations, and missionaries appointed to each. Converts were enrolled as fast as they could be properly shepherded and instructed. As Mr. Clough remarked to his visitor, it is a pleasant and blessed task to preach the Gospel to the people, and to receive them by baptism into Christian fellowship. But when it comes to teaching them the "all things" comprised in the command of the Divine Master, the work is both tedious and difficult. In many respects the converts are like ignorant children, and need "line upon line, precept upon precept." Still, the change in their lives is a most real one, and the missionary going into a village where he has not been before could easily distinguish between the houses of the native Christians and those of the heathen.

Though the mission was prosperous and fruitful, there was not lacking plenty of opposition and persecution that tested its genuineness. Every two or three years on an average there is an outbreak of cholera. Frequently the disease is spread by the hordes of begging pilgrims that wander through the country to attend the great heathen festivals. These are seasons of great trial to the native Christians; but in such times of sorrow and distress they have proved the power of united, simple, believing prayer to God for preservation and deliverance.

Since the time of the great famine the number of baptisms at Ongole has averaged about 2,000 annually. A few months ago a godly young missionary worker, Mr. Kelly, died. He had been a faithful preacher, and soon after his death there were signs of a remarkable work of the spirit extending over a considerable area of country. In one day as many as 1,671 confessed Christ, bringing up the number of baptisms in the month of December to about 2,000. The movement continued, and without going into detailed figures, it will be sufficient to say that during the present year up to March 18, the time of Mr. Clough's departure on furlough, there had been over 2,000 others added to the visible church at Ongole.

Dr. Clough is now in the land of his birth, where he hopes to awaken the interest of American Christians so far as to secure twenty-five new helpers for the work among the Telegus, besides raising 50,000 dollars for missionary buildings. We may add that his life partner, Mrs. Clough, broke down in health during the famine time, and had to return to the United States, where she has remained since.

THE MODEL TEACHER.

Let me sketch the model teacher. He should have good health. I do not mean to say must have, but if he has not good health he should be able to enjoy poor health. A sour, morose person, one who is cross because he has dyspepsia, or who has dyspepsia because he is cross, cannot be so sweet, gentle and genial through the Sunday-school hour that the children will not detect that it is not his usual humor.

He is always neat, tidy and as attractive as possible. I have known children to be impressed by so seemingly small a thing as well-kept finger nails. He is very cordial to the children. If he really wants them to come to the school (and he certainly should), he lets them know it. Makes them feel that he misses them if they are absent, and they miss something by staying away. I heard of a child who was very anxious to go to Sunday-school one rainy day. "But, my child," said her mother, "you cannot go to-day; see how hard it is raining. You will be drenched and catch a dreadful cold." "But, mamma, I must go. My teacher will be there and expect me. She will feel so bad if I am away, she will cry. Why, I must go."

Very few children will continue coming to the class ignorant of the lesson if they expect the teacher will be there and be ready to teach them.

He shakes hands with the children on entering the class. If he knows of any of their home people who are sick he inquires about them and lets the children know he is interested in them.

This pattern teacher knows what he is going to teach and knows how to apply it to the children. The same thing will not do for all children. Different capabilities, different home training, different temperaments and many other things must be taken into consideration. There is a vast deal more in every lesson than can be taught, and enough for each pupil to have just what he needs.

He gets all possible light on the subject and prepares himself to answer all the questions he thinks the children may ask about it.

This teacher is a thorough Christian. He prays earnestly for guidance in teaching and that the children may be brought into the marvellous light. He thinks, "I must impress the truth upon the minds of the children. I am sure if the truth does not save them they will never be saved, and it may be if my application of the truth does not save them they will never be saved." In short, his one aim is to set a good example before the children, and to do nothing that he would not be willing for them to do also. He teaches them punctuality by being punctual himself. He teaches them reverence by being reverent, and teaches them love for the Bible and for the school by loving them himself.—*Michigan Advocate.*

SOME QUESTIONS.

Here are some questions for all whom they may concern: Do I rightly appreciate the Sabbath-school as a Christian institution? Am I doing all I can for it in connection with the church with which I am identified? Am I working for its spiritual as well as its material interests? Am I sending my children to it? Am I using it as an aid to family instruction? Am I a teacher in it; if not, why? Do I pray for it? Do I speak for it? Do I encourage the teachers in it? Do I contribute to its support as there is need? These are inquiries for personal reflection, and the answer is to be made not to man, but to God.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON V.—AUGUST 2, 1891.

CHRIST AT JACOB'S WELL.—John 4: 5-26.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 4: 1-26.—Jesus at Jacob's Well.
T. Isa. 12: 1-6.—The Wells of Salvation.
W. Psalm 42: 1-11.—Thirsting for God.
Th. Psalm 63: 1-11.—A Thirsty Land.
F. Rev. 7: 9-17.—Living Fountains.
S. Rev. 22: 1-21.—The Water of Life.
S. Mal. 1: 1-11.—Incense and Pure Offering.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Christ Asking Drink. vs. 5 9.
II. Christ Offering Life. vs. 10-15.
III. Christ Teaching the Woman. vs. 16-26.

TIME.—A.D. 27, December, about eight months after the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Samaria, at Jacob's well, near Sychar, at the foot of Mount Gerizim.

OPENING WORDS.

Soon after the conversation with Nicodemus Jesus left Jerusalem, and spent the summer and autumn in various places in the country of Judea. Here he taught the people and his disciples baptised them. This awakened the jealousy of some of John's disciples, and Jesus, seeing that the Pharisees would encourage this jealousy and if possible arouse opposition, left Judea and went to Galilee. On the way he spent two days in Samaria. The events of this lesson occurred at this time.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 5. *Sychar*—the modern Askar, a village about a mile east of Nablus, the ancient Shechem. *Parcel of ground*—see Gen. 33: 19. *Sixth hour*—about six o'clock in the evening, according to the Roman computation of time, which John uses. The time for drawing water was toward evening. V. 10. *The gift of God*—Christ, and eternal life through him. *Living water*—life-giving water, salvation. V. 14. *Shall never thirst*—shall be for ever satisfied. V. 20. *This mountain*—Mount Gerizim. She asks him to decide a disputed question about the place of worship. V. 21. *Nor at Jerusalem*—but in all places. Mal. 1: 11. V. 22. *Salvation is of the Jews*—the Messiah, the Saviour, will come from them. V. 24. *A Spirit*—not limited to places. *In spirit*—with sincere love and devotion.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. CHRIST ASKING DRINK. vs. 5-9.—To what city did Jesus come? Where did he stop? Who came to the well? What request did Jesus make? Where were his disciples? What did the woman reply?

II. CHRIST OFFERING LIFE. vs. 10-15.—How did Jesus answer her? Did the woman understand him? What did Jesus then say to her? What was the woman's reply? In what respects is religion like pure water? In what respects is it better than the best water? How may we obtain this water of life?

III. CHRIST TEACHING THE WOMAN. vs. 16-26.—What did Jesus direct the woman to do? What was her reply? What did he then say to her? What disputed question did she ask him to decide? How did he answer it? What is God? How is he to be worshipped? What did the woman say to these things? What revelation did Jesus then make to her?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus is the Fountain of life and salvation.
2. That he will give the water of life freely to every one that asks it.
3. That it alone will supply our spiritual wants.
4. That we must give to God a pure spiritual worship—the homage of the heart as well as of the lips.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did Jesus ask from the woman at the well? Ans. A drink of water.
2. What did he tell her he would have given her if she had asked? Ans. Living water.
3. What did he say of this living water? Ans. Whosoever drinketh of it shall never thirst.
4. How must we worship God? Ans. In spirit and in truth.
5. What great truth did Jesus reveal to the woman? Ans. He told her that he was the Christ.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 9, 1891.

CHRIST'S AUTHORITY.—John 5: 17-30.

COMMIT TO MEMORY. vs. 24-27

GOLDEN TEXT.

"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."—Matt. 28: 18.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 4: 27-42.—Sowing and Reaping.
T. John 4: 43-54.—The Nobleman's Son.
W. John 5: 1-16.—Jesus at Bethesda.
Th. John 5: 17-30.—Christ's Authority.
F. John 5: 31-47.—Witnesses to Christ's Authority.
S. Mark 2: 1-12.—"Arise, and Take Up thy Bed."
S. Matt. 12: 1-13.—Lord of the Sabbath.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Authority to Work. vs. 17-20.
II. Authority to Judge. vs. 21-27.
III. Authority to Raise the Dead. vs. 28-30.

TIME.—A.D. 28, April; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

On the approach of the Passover, about four months after the last lesson, Jesus went from Galilee to Jerusalem. On the Sabbath day he healed an impotent man at the pool of Bethesda. For this act the Jews charged him with Sabbath-breaking. This lesson passage is a part of his discourse on that occasion.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 17. *My father worketh hitherto*—Sabbaths have never hindered the Father's work for man's salvation; they must not hinder the Son's. V. 18. *Making himself equal with God*—so the Jews understood him, and instead of denying that he made such a claim, he distinctly reaffirms it. V. 19. *The Son can do nothing*—a perfect oneness belongs to all the doings of the Father and the Son; they must therefore be one. V. 21. *So the Son quickeneth whom he will*—this great work of raising the dead, of quickening or making alive those spiritually dead, the Son performs in union with the Father. V. 23. *He that honoreth not the Son*—there can be no honor and worship paid to the Father by those who refuse honor and worship to the Son. V. 25. *The dead*—the spiritually dead. V. 28. *All that are in the graves*—all, whether believers or not. *Resurrection of damnation*—Revised Version, "of judgment;" the same Greek word as in verses 22, 27.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. AUTHORITY TO WORK. vs. 17-20.—Why did the Jews seek to slay Jesus? v. 16. How did Jesus answer the charge of Sabbath-breaking? What did he mean by this answer? What was its effect upon the Jews? What account is given of this unity of the Father and Son? v. 20. What will the Father do for the Son?

II. AUTHORITY TO JUDGE. vs. 21-27.—What further is said of the Son's work? v. 21. What great work hath the Father committed to the Son? vs. 22. Wherein consisteth Christ's exaltation? What honor is claimed for Christ on these accounts? How many persons are there in the Godhead? What does Jesus say to those who hear his word? What is further said on this subject? v. 25. Meaning of this verse? What is the source of life to the sinner?

AUTHORITY TO RAISE THE DEAD. vs. 28-30.—What further authority belongs to Christ? To what will the good be raised? To what will those who have done evil be raised? What benefits do believers receive from Christ at the resurrection? What does Jesus say of himself and his judgment? v. 30.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus the Son is, as he claimed to be, God, equal with the Father.
2. That he is the worker of the Father's works, the revealer of the Father's glory.
3. That he has all the power and majesty and authority of God.
4. That all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father.
5. That only they who thus honor the Son give any proper honor or worship to the Father.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Why did the Jews seek to kill Jesus? Ans. Because he said that God was his Father, making himself equal with God.
2. What twofold power does the Son claim? Ans. Power to give spiritual life, and power to raise the dead.
3. What further authority has the Father given to the Son? Ans. Authority to execute judgment, because he is the Son of man.
4. What honor is claimed for the Son on these accounts? Ans. All men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WHAT THEY BOTH THOUGHT.

It was twenty-five minutes past seven. The buggy was at the door to take him to the train. His hand was on the knob. "Good-by," he called out. There came from somewhere up-stairs, through the half-open door, a feminine voice, "Good-by;" then he had gone out into the glad spring air, odorous with the fore-tokens of coming life, and musical with the songs of the nest-builders. But there was no song in his heart, no spring hope and light in his life, as he took the reins out of his groom's hand and spoke to his impatient horse a sharp "Get on!" And as he rode through the royal avenue that led up to his house, this is what he thought:

If I had been a guest, Martha would have been up and dressed. She would have had a spray of fresh flowers at my plate. She would have sat at the table and seen that my coffee was good, and my eggs hot, and my toast browned. And I should have, at least, a parting shake of the hand, and a hope expressed that I would come again, and, perhaps, a wave of the handkerchief from the balcony. And, I should have carried away with me that smile that is brighter than the sunshine, as the last gift of her gracious hospitality. It is a chance if she had not even proposed to ride to the station with me, to see me off. For she knows, if ever woman did, how to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest.

But I am only her husband; and I can eat my breakfast alone, as if I were a bachelor; and get my coffee muddy or clear, hot or cold, as Bridget happens to make it; and take eggs hard or soft, and toast burnt or soggy, as it chances to come from a careless cook, and nobody cares. And when I go, "Good-by" is flung after me like a dry bone after an ill-cared-for cur. Heigho! What's the use of being married any way?

And this is what she thought as she put the last touches to her hair before her glass, and tried hard to keep the tears back from her eyes before she went down to see that the family breakfast was ready.

I wonder if Hugh really cares anything for me any more. When we were first married he never would have gone off in this way, with a careless "Good-by" tossed up-stairs as he might toss a well-cleaned bone to a hungry dog. He would have found time to run up and kiss me good-by, and tell me that he missed me at his breakfast, and ask if I were sick. He is gracious to his friends; a perfect gentleman to every one but his wife. I believe he is tired of me. I wish I could let him go. It would be hard for me; but it would be better for him! Well! well! I mustn't think such things as these. Perhaps he does love me after all. But—but—it is coming to be hard to believe it.

And so with a heavy heart she went to her work. And the April sun laughed in at the open windows, and the birds chirped cheer to her all day, and the flowers waved their most graceful beckonings to her in vain; all for want of that one farewell kiss.

O husbands and wives, will you never learn that love often dies of slightest wounds; that the husband owes no such thoughtful courtesy to any other person as he owes to his wife; that the wife owes no such attentive consideration to any guest as she owes to her husband, that life is made up of little things, and that ofttimes a little neglect is a harder burden for love to bear than an open and flagrant wrong?—*Christian Union.*

ECONOMY WHICH IS NOT ECONOMY

Economy is woman's pet vice. Having made that statement, now let us begin to qualify. Economy isn't always prudence. Prudence is wisely far-sighted, and makes account of the end in the means, while economy deals with the frugal possibilities of the present alone. Economy is saving dollars for the sake of the dollars; prudence may be the spending of dollars for the sake of something that is better worth one's while than money.

Once in a while it happens that some straight-brained woman finds out the real nature of economy, and gives it its rightful place, but most women persist in regarding it as the most shining jewel in their crown of virtues. And the mischief of it is that this happens often to the woman who has most need of the broader outlook; namely, the working-woman. To illustrate: A working-woman starts out in her business life with a capital represented by three things: her special competence in her work, her health, and all the time there is. The first is likely to be increased by every day's achievement; she is careful of the second because she understands its value; of the necessity of making the third count as an investment she usually has not the faintest conception. Let us calculate a little. Eight hours a day are spent in her work, eight more are given to sleep. Suppose she spends four more at meals and in social enjoyment, there are still four hours left in each twenty-four, amounting to just two months out of the twelve.

It is precisely in her disposition of this that she shows her lack of economic foresight. If she is not serious in her work, and determined in her purpose to keep it constantly increasing in worth and dignity, she wastes this time in idle chattering, in reading worthless books, in dawdling and dreaming. If she is serious, unless she is wisely prudent and foresighted, she does a thing that in its effect upon her business future is no less certainly harmful than the other. She practises a mischievous and petty economy. She begins to save her dollars by doing for herself the things that she would have to pay dollars to somebody else for doing for her. In order that she may have finer clothes or more of them without increase of expense, or perhaps in single-hearted and unselfish economy, she makes her plain gowns in her spare hours, and trims her hats, and embroiders her handkerchiefs, and makes dainty adornments for her neck. And all the while she does these things she hugs to her dear foolish heart the delusion that she is doing a praiseworthy deed. As if there were no prudence except the prudence of going without! And yet about her lie the wide fields of culture and the limitless opportunities that come with a higher competence. The hours she spends in the course of a year in saving a few dollars would, if invested in reading helpful books, in studying along the lines of her chosen work, bring a competence that would enable her to earn five times the paltry saving.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SAVING HER BOYS.

I think when a boy has become an habitual loafer he is then ready for something worse, and I was greatly worried to find my boys come slipping in very quietly about the time the stores closed for the night, so I just resolved to try and make a more pleasant place to spend the evenings than the aforesaid stores.

Our best room had hitherto been kept sacred to the use of visitors and for Sabbath; but after thinking the matter over very seriously I started a fire, arranged everything as nicely as though I were looking for company, and then let the boys have it. So far the plan has been a great success, for, although I never said a word to them about it, they took right up with it and now spend their evenings at home reading and playing (for they are all three musical), and besides being better for the boys, it is better for us.

Now, sisters, just between ourselves, of course, they'll spoil the carpet, and it's a very pretty carpet, too, and I have been so careful of it. But I mean, through God's help, to have my boys all grow up to become good men, and if it's going to take a pretty room and pretty carpets to help do it, why, I am very glad I have them, that's all.—*Farm and Fireside.*

HOUSEHOLD MARKETING.

The housekeeper who understands her business and can spend the time to go to the market herself will find that she can have a better table, with greater variety and at less expense, than when she orders from the provision man who comes to the house each day. It is true that there are a great many housekeepers who have neither time nor strength for the daily or even weekly visits to the markets, but the average house-keeper has the time, and she will find that in the end it will add to her mental and physical health, as well as to the attractiveness of her table.

In ordering at the house it is a difficult matter to keep in mind the list that the provision man runs over. Even if he should miss many little things that one might choose for the sake of economy and variety, it would be almost impossible to remember them in making out one's list. In the market, however, the articles are spread out before you, and one thing suggests another. Here the prices can be kept in mind when selecting the food, and should the thing that you have decided upon be too expensive, something else that you will find to be nearly or equally good may be substituted. For example, you have planned to have halibut for dinner and found that instead of being eighteen cents, it has gone up to twenty-five or thirty cents; you will naturally hesitate before adding fifty per cent to the expense of the dish. A cod, haddock, white fish, red snapper, or some other kind of moderate-priced fish will make a satisfactory substitute. Although the prices of beef, mutton, pork, etc., are not subject to great changes, the prices of fresh fish, vegetables, fruit, and game fluctuate constantly. Then, again, many little savory dishes are suggested by the sight of the various little odds and ends found in the stalls. The sight and odor of a piece of smoked bacon may give you visions of the many savory dishes that it will give relish to,—liver and bacon, chicken livers *en brochette*, and rashers of bacon with chops or beefsteak.—*Maria Parloa, in Good Housekeeping.*

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

To Loosen the cover of a fruit jar that has become stuck invert the jar and place the top in hot water for a few moments.

Celery Salt added to the dressing for potato and other salads gives an agreeable flavor. It is preferred by many cooks to celery extract for soups also.

Carpets, if swept with salt and then wiped over with warm water containing a spoonful of turpentine to every quart, will look bright and new, and will not be troubled with moths and buffalo bugs.

A Mixture of lemon juice and Irish moss boiled in water is said to be excellent for a cough. All physicians say that will power and a resolve not to cough are helps to a cure. Gargling with water and lemon juice is a means of alleviating irritation in the throat. Water in which celery has been boiled is recommended as a cure for rheumatism.

Rice is very nice for dessert when prepared with strawberry jam. Put a layer of rice, cooked rather thick, on a plate; spread the rice with jam and cover with another layer of rice, then a layer of jam, and lastly a layer of rice. Sprinkle the top with fine sugar. Serve with cream.

SHOE BLACKING AND COLD FEET.

"When the leather in your shoes becomes old and begrimed with blacking, you will ascertain that the feet will be cold," remarked the old time shoe-seller. "Then is the time to cast aside the shoes and use them to wear beneath arctics or for some other purpose. I have seen it referred to many times, but if you want to keep your shoes in good condition you should use vaseline on them often. The life will be kept in the leather, and, if rightly applied, you can shine the footwear just as well as if the preparation had never been used. Put it on at night when taking off your shoes. There is castor and like oil, also, that will as well serve the purpose, and keep your boots and shoes in good shape, imparting much greater warmth to the feet than if you allow blacking and the like to eat up all the life in the leather. When blacking commences to cake on the shoes, wash them with plain water, no soap.—*Shoe and Leather Facts.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

Graham Gems.—A pint of milk, two well-beaten eggs, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and enough graham flour to make a stiff batter so it will drop from a spoon readily. Bake in gem irons in a hot oven and serve immediately.

Pop Overs.—One egg, one cupful of milk, one cupful of flour, and a little salt. Beat the egg very light, add the milk and then the flour and beat again thoroughly. Bake in cups, allowing one tablespoonful to each cup.

To Melt Chocolate, break it in a few pieces, then melt it in a small dish set in the top of the teakettle; it is not necessary to grate it. Do not put a chocolate mixture into a tin mould, as it will become discolored from contact with the tin.

To Make English Relish.—Put bread crumbs into a saucepan, with cream, salt and pepper; when the crumbs have absorbed all the cream or milk, add a small piece of butter, a little grated cheese, break in a few eggs, and then fry as an ordinary omelet.

Rice Dumplings.—Put your rice in a stew-pan, and pour on each cup of rice one gill of milk; stand it near the fire where it will keep hot but not boil. As soon as it has absorbed all the milk, pare your apples, take out the cores, and put the rice around them instead of paste. Boil them until the apple is soft. They should be tied in dumpling cloths.

Kneaded Plum Cake.—Two and a half cupfuls of sugar, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of sour milk, two spoonfuls of cream, a teaspoonful of saleratus, half a spoonful of cinnamon and a nutmeg, a cupful of chopped raisins and flour enough to knead (about six cupfuls). Roll an inch thick and cut in oblong pieces. Bake on sheets in a quick oven.

How to Sugar Pop-Corn.—Put into an iron kettle one tablespoonful of butter, three of water, one teacupful of pulverized sugar. Boil until ready to candy, then throw in three quarts of nicely-popped corn; stir briskly until the sugar is evenly distributed over the corn. Take care that the corn does not burn. Take the kettle from the fire and stir until it has cooled a little.

Sugar Biscuits.—Three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, flour sufficient to make a dough. Melt the sugar, butter and soda in the milk. When the milk is lukewarm stir in the flour till it forms a dough. Knead it well for a very long time, then roll it out in sheets, and with a sharp knife cut it in squares, butter your tins, and bake them in a hot oven.

Rusks.—Three eggs and a coffeecupful of sugar beaten together; add half a gill of yeast and a large tumblerful of warm milk. Rub two ounces of butter into some flour and use enough to mould the rusks well. Let them rise over night, and when very light roll and cut out, place on tins and let them rise again. Then bake in a quick oven twenty minutes, being careful that they do not burn. When baked wet the tops with a cloth wet in sweetened milk, or if you prefer, brush the tops with white of egg before baking.

PUZZLES.—No. 13.

QUESTIONS ON THE TWO JAMESES.

1. In what passages are they both mentioned by name; and how are they distinguished?
2. With regard to the first, how was he called to be an apostle?
3. What title did he share with his brother?
4. What marks of favor did he receive along with his brother and Peter?
5. On what occasion was he severely rebuked by our Lord?
6. What honor was sought for him by his mother?
7. On what occasion did he suffer martyrdom?
8. With regard to the second, whose brother was he?
9. Where are we told that our Lord appeared to him after His resurrection?
10. Mention some other name by which he is known.
11. Show from the Acts of the Apostles, and the writings of St. Paul, that he held a high place in the early church.
12. What writing has he left behind?

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead to sell and leave a purpose.
2. Behead something tied and leave an adverb.
3. Behead a twist and leave something to write with.
4. Behead to understand and leave an adverb of time.
5. Behead what a carpenter may do and leave something found in the earth.
6. Behead a weed and leave a part of the verb to be.

A BUSY DAY.

Aunt Miranda was busy as she could be, and had been all day. One peep into the kitchen would have explained to anyone the cause of her being so busy, for there, ranged in rows on her long kitchen table, were cans of fruit she had been putting up and labelling. The labels must needs bring a smile to the faces of all observers, for Aunt Miranda has evolved a scheme by which she can tell, by a glance at each label, the contents of the can without taking it down from the shelf to accommodate her near-sightedness. On each can in one row she has a large picture of a domestic water fowl. On another lot she has pictures of a rough steel tool. In one row there are pictures of a swiftly flowing river, while in another, each can has a picture of two boots and two shoes. Some have pictures of a piece of lead with a string attached, and one lot had no picture, but had a stalk of grain fastened to each can.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Fruit of a certain sort. 2. May be a part of a house. 3. A country of South America. 4. A flower. 5. A lake in the United States.

Primals and finals.—An article of food.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 12.

Cross-word Enigma.—San Jacinto.

Primal Acrostic—Shakespeare. *Cross-words:*—1. Shylock. 2. Hamlet. 3. Ariel. 4. King Lear. 5. Escalus. 6. Sebastian. 7 Pericles. 8. Egens. 9. Antony. 10. Romeo. 11. Eglamour.

Rhymed Word-square.—

T	H	O	M	A	S
H	O	P	E	S	T
O	P	I	A	T	E
M	E	A	G	R	E
A	S	T	R	A	L
S	T	E	E	L	S

Scripture Enigma.—Zoresh. Esther.—Esthor vi. 13; vii. 6.

1.	Z ebede	E	Mark iii. 17.
2.	E phesu	S	Acts xix. 35.
3.	R ehman	T	Isaiah x. 22.
4.	E lija	H	2 Kings i. 10.
5.	S yntych	E	Phil. iv. 2.
6.	H aga	R	Gen. xxi. 19.

Correct answers to puzzles No. 11 have been received from John D. MacMillan.

Editor Puzzles.

The Family Circle.

LIFE'S GENNESARET.

No land in sight; a wild, strange storm about me roars;
Darkness intense, and clouds; no star in azure soars;
Waves beat against my skiff; my tolling oars are vain;
My life the idle buffet of the angry main.

A mountain shrouded deep, and one who watchful prays;
He knows my deepest peril, my tumultuous ways;
His eyes no darkness dims. To me in midnight gloom
The pathway seems bereft, the lurid waves my tomb.

A flash of light: One walking radiant in the storm.
My fears increase, I dread the spectre's mystic form.
When low! a voice. "Good cheer. 'Tis I. Be not afraid."
He stood beside me, and the storm-tossed waves were stayed.

O timid soul! How slow to learn thy Saviour's power.
He's near thee in the storm, in midnight's darkest hour.
Be not afraid. The skiff shall life's rough billow ride,
And all the storms be calm with Jesus at thy side.

REV. DWIGHT M. PRATT.

HOW THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC INTERFERED WITH MRS. RALSTON.

BY EVA. B. PILLSBURY.

"But the liquor traffic has never interfered with me, personally," answered Mrs. Judge Ralston, raising her fine eyes to the speaker, and smiling with just a little unconscious arrogance. "I can understand how those whose husbands or sons are being drawn away by such influences can wish to give their time and energies to the temperance work; but as for me, why, it would be pure affectation to pretend an interest which I do not really feel. To one in my position, the dangers you speak of seem so exaggerated that I can hardly believe them real, or understand how they can affect me or mine in any way."

"The ways are so many," insisted little Mrs. Dr. Seabright; "one cannot read the annals of crime contained in our daily newspapers, without seeing how often the innocent are made to suffer through this fearful curse. It seems to me the evils and dangers of the whiskey traffic can hardly be exaggerated," and she looked up into the elder lady's face a little nervously, but still with a determination in her brown eyes, and in the firm lines of her pretty mouth.

"I am quite willing to face your imaginary danger," laughed Mrs. Ralston, placidly folding together her two white hands, decked with their sparkling rings, and viewing them complacently as they lay in delicate leisure against their background of crimson cashmere.

Just then the heavy curtains behind her parted, and eight-year-old Jessie stole softly in and laid a chubby hand on her mother's shoulder. Instantly the half supercilious smile faded from the lady's face, the proud, dark eyes grew suddenly soft, and she drew her only daughter close to her side. Surely no lovelier vision of childhood ever blessed a mother's eyes. The fair, oval face, shaded by long, light curls; the perfectly moulded childish figure, daintily robed in its rich but simple costume; the gentle patrician air of the tiny woman, all combined to make her, what her mother well knew her to be, a rare possesion that many a woman might envy.

"What is it, my daughter?" asked the fond mother, after the little girl had been duly presented to young Mrs. Seabright, and Mrs. Seth Twombly, the Baptist minister's wife.

"May I go now, mamma? It is almost three o'clock."

"Oh, certainly, dear; I had forgotten your engagement. Have Sarah fix your hair, and come directly home after your lesson," and she bent forward with sweet motherliness, to press a kiss upon the round, rosy face upturned to her own.

"Jessie goes to take her dancing lesson," she explained, as the child left the room. "I suppose you ultra orthodox ladies are shocked again, but you see we can't all think alike about those things. The class is composed of little girls, and they meet in the afternoon. I think the exercise is good for her, and I am not afraid that any harm can come to my daughter," with a proud emphasis upon the last two words.

Mrs. Ralston may not have intended to allow that little haughty tone to creep into her speech, for she was a lady by birth and breeding, but generations of blue blood and a long line of ancestry, whose escutcheon showed no blot, had produced in Mrs. Judge Ralston a woman in whom family pride was a dominant passion; and to intimate to her that one of her kindred could, by any possibility, be subject to the same temptations, or led away by the same evil influences that assailed common humanity, was to insult her unpardonably. Neither of her visitors made any direct reply to her remark, but the heightened color on little Mrs. Seabright's face showed that she felt keenly the tone of implied superiority in the manner of the speaker.

Mrs. Seth Twombly, whose long experience in the temperance work had inured her to many sorts of rebuffs, only answered, rising quietly and drawing up around her her old-fashioned black cashmere shawl, "We are sorry both for your own sake and ours, that you do not see fit to join us in our work. However, I am sure that you will see this matter in a different light by and by."

"When I see it as you do," answered Mrs. Ralston rising, and smiling a little incredulously, "I will give my hand to the W.C.T.U. Until then I must be excused from taking any active interest in the work."

Never from the minds of the two ladies, who left Mrs. Judge Ralston standing in the doorway of her beautiful parlor, will the vivid picture fade. Such a picture of proud, self-reliant, ambitious womanhood! She stood with one white hand holding back the heavy portiere, the delicate lace of her sleeve falling back from the fine wrist, clasped by its costly bracelet. Rich dress became her, for she was a queenly woman and she knew well and gloried in the knowledge, that her fine presence commanded universal admiration. She had no need of other strength than her own, or to pray weakly as other women might for divine guidance. What could God give to her more than she already had, and it had been honorably won. He would not take it away.

It was well enough for these other women, who, by virtue of their husband's professions, were brought into contact with the low, and vicious, and depraved, to take up this so-called Christian work. Nay, it was a proper and becoming thing in them; but for her, who was by nature so well fitted to enjoy life and adorn society—why should she give up these things for a Quixotic notion of elevating a class of people, of whose existence she was hardly aware?

Probably their dirt and vice, and degradation, was as dear to them as her pride of birth and refinement was to her, and they were far from relishing the efforts of the philanthropic laborers who sought to lift them out of their natural element. "At least," falling back into her first easy attitude of mind, "they have never interfered with me, and why should I meddle with their lives?"

With this thought in her mind, she closed the door on her visitors who went slowly down the marble steps, and passed out into the street.

Silently they walked down the wide, sunny avenue, which, as they neared the busy part of the town, grew noisy and populous. At a corner far down, a crowd had gathered, and as the two ladies drew near, they saw a man emerge from its midst, bearing a child in his arms, and enter an adjacent drug store.

The crowd followed and closed up the entrance; but just as the women reached the place Dr. Seabright elbowed his way out of the drug store and came to them.

"You have heard about it?" he asked his wife in a low tone.

"No," she answered. "Was the child hurt?"

"Hurt! She was killed outright. The loveliest little child I ever saw. Oh! it was awful!" and the kind young doctor's usually ruddy face was pale with pity.

"Whose child was it, and how did it happen?" asked the women breathlessly.

"Why, it was Judge Ralston's only daughter, and she was run over by a beer waggon driven by a drunken teamster. God only knows how it happened! A sober man would have seen the child; but probably the man was half insane from drink, and driving recklessly."

After a horrified silence, Mrs. Seth Twombly said pityingly, under her breath, "Poor, proud mother! God help her now."

"Amen!" echoed the doctor and his wife, and the trio passed on down the street their faces reflecting their serious thoughts.

Two or three months later, at a meeting of the W.C.T.U., held in the parlor of the little Congregational Church, a tall and stately woman, dressed in deepest mourning, rose to her feet, and steadying herself, by placing one white hand—stripped of its rings—on the back of a chair, she spoke slowly, and in a tone which had lost its old self-confident power:

"I said months ago, before—before—everything changed so, that I did not see how the liquor traffic could injure me—."

She paused, and in the eloquent silence that followed, every woman present thought of the beautiful, bright little head as it lay in the snowy casket, with a wreath of little flowers concealing the ghastly wound made by the heavy wheel of the loaded beer waggon.

"I said, also," she continued, "that if I ever had reason to change my views, I would give my hand to the W.C.T.U. You know how it happened—if things do happen—I, who was so proud, am brought low. I, who believed myself so hedged about by fortune, am left desolate and broken-hearted. In the name of one little martyr, whose life has been offered up on this bloody altar, I want to be one with you; to work and pray and plan for the overthrow of this awful traffic that is costing us our husbands, our sons, and our—daughters." And drawing her heavy veil over her face again, she sat down, while the sweet-faced president of the meeting said, in a voice tender with feeling,

"Sisters, let us pray."—*Union Signal.*

HELP FOR THE ORPHANS.

("It is not a vain thing to trust in God.")

The late Miss Margaret Green, who founded an orphanage at Sibton, and carried it on amidst many trials and discouragements for about twenty years, gives evidence, in her various reports, of the willingness of God to hear and answer those who trust in him. She shows how she obtained help in many times of pecuniary difficulty and anxiety. "The Sibton Orphans' Home," she remarks, "owes its very existence to answered prayer." Take the following extracts in illustration:—

"Frequently after spreading a special want or difficulty before the Hearer and Answerer of Prayer, a way has been opened, and the money needed has been sent by an entire stranger, or an unknown friend, to whom the want could not possibly have been known.

"Towards the end of December I was particularly anxious to settle one or two small accounts before the new year; £5 was the sum required, and I asked the Lord to find it. On Christmas Eve a stranger called at the Home and left an envelope containing an anonymous donation of a £5 note. To this day I have not discovered the sender.

"Another special answer to prayer came in the summer. I had been feeling weary and discouraged, and I prayed that the great Master would cheer his servant by a token of his continued blessing. He quickly answered this request by putting it into the heart of a kind and sympathizing friend to send me a cheque for $50, expressly 'for the strengthening of my faith in the never-failing promises of a merciful God.' I well remember the mingled feelings of joy and shame with which I received this gift—joy at such an evident token of God's favor towards the work, and shame at ever having doubted him.

"One of the promises of God's Word has often been fulfilled to me in the carrying on of the orphan work—i.e., 'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.' An evidence of this occurred towards the close of the year. A shoemaker who had mended the orphans' boots during the year brought in his bill, and shortly afterwards was in great need of a few pounds to meet payment which was required by a certain day. Before the day arrived the exact sum was collected and sent to me by some unknown friends in Gloucestershire. Thus the Lord, who knew my need of means to pay the poor man, and his need of money to meet the demands of his creditor, inclined the hearts of his children in that distant county to collect the necessary sum and forward it ere it was wanted.

"The instances recorded above will suffice to show how very graciously God has dealt with us, and to prove that looking to him for means for his work is not an enthusiastic, visionary idea, but a very practical reality."—*Presbyterian Messenger.*

GOOD READING FOR ALL.

A prize essay in the *Golden Rule* tells of the work done by the Literature Committee in our Christian Endeavor Society. It says:—

Our committee began its work by asking the members of the church and congregation to bring to the chapel all the back numbers of the *Golden Rule* that they were willing to spare, and any other religious paper not more than one year old. For the reception of these papers we placed in our Christian Endeavor room a basket with a card upon it, marked "Good Literature." When we had collected a large number of papers, we held a committee meeting, sorted and counted the papers, placing all of one year in a pack by themselves, and made a record of the number and dates of those on hand. We then ascertained from the teachers in the Sunday-school how many of their pupils had no religious paper in their homes, either through lack of money or indifference of the parents. To these Sunday-school pupils we distributed *Golden Rules* every Sunday, and sometimes some other papers also. One member of the committee did all this work, and kept a record of the papers given to each pupil, that we might not give two of the same date to any one pupil. We next wrote to two or three missionary societies of our denomination, requesting addresses of teachers or ministers to whom these papers would be acceptable. In reply we received the addresses of several who were working in places very destitute of reading-matter of any kind. To these people we sent by mail bundles of papers for distribution, having first written to the people to find out whether they really wished the papers or not. From these missionaries and teachers we also procured addresses of some individuals who live a long distance from any large town or city, but are intelligent, and yet too poor to subscribe for any paper. To these we have quite regularly sent religious papers and *Youth's Companions*, or other secular papers, two or three at a time, sent just as soon as the person taking the paper has finished reading it. For this work we gave out ten addresses to as many different people in our society and church. In this way, and also in the bundles mentioned, we sent off, with the assistance of many outside of our committee, nearly one thousand papers during the first six months, each person paying the postage on the papers that he sent. If only you could read some of the letters that we have received, thanking us for our papers, you would think us well repaid for our labor in collecting and sending them. These letters come from teachers of colored schools and Indian schools, from hard-working and poorly paid ministers, also from young people living in lonely country places, all of whom express great appreciation of our papers. The teachers say that we cannot imagine the eagerness with which their pupils ask for the papers. Do you wonder that I am enthusiastic in regard to this work?

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.

PSA. 37: 7.

MAKING READY FOR A LONG RUN.

THE LANDES AND THE LANDAIS.

In all the varied land of France, so remarkable for it contrasts of scenery and manners, there is no district wherein the traveller is more likely to be impressed by the solemn wildness of nature, and astonished by the strange habits and primitive simplicity of the people who dwell there, than in that portion of our old English province of Aquitaine, which now forms the department of the Landes. It was thus named, because at the revolutionary period, when the French provinces were broken up into departments, nearly the whole of this region was composed of landes—a term for waste land, and generally implying that it is covered with heather, broom or gorse. It is a maritime department, its coast line being that of the Bay of Biscay from a point a little below the now fashionable bathing place, Arcachon, to another nearly as far south as Bayonne. This remote corner of France was English territory for three centuries.

Interesting as the Landes are to the students of nature and primitive manners, it is safe to predict that there will never be a rush of tourists thither; the country is too mournful, too desolate to attract those who travel with the expectation of finding the comforts of civilization and facilities for locomotion combined with the charm of varied scenery.

The Landes must have been a weird country indeed before the forests changed the aspect of things, and chained, as it were, one of the forces of nature. A sandhill would suddenly rise out of the plain, and the next storm might lift it to another spot leagues away, or scatter it broadcast. The sand was drifted just like fine snow in a north-east gale, and as the wind blew from different directions the landscape was being constantly changed. Nothing could have been more strange and fantastic. Fortunately the sand always showed a tendency to form permanent dunes, to collect in certain places, otherwise the country would have been rendered uninhabitable. In the middle ages this region could not have been the melancholy desert that it afterwards became; the villages and towns which then arose indicated no mean measure of prosperity. In Gallo-Roman days an important industry of the people was the manufacture of pitch, which was a proof of the existence of pine forests. These forests extended in all likelihood, where they do now, along the coast, nature unaided having provided the protection which in modern times was obtained artificially at an enormous cost of labor and ingenuity. The original forests must have been destroyed either by being set on fire during the long wars which devastated the South of France, or through the improvidence of the people, who used the timber for present necessities without thinking of the future. There being no longer any barrier to keep back the sand, which is always being thrown up by the sea in vast quantities, the country for many miles inland became a veritable desert. The greatest benefactor of the people was Bremontier, a civil engineer, who in 1787 wrote a pamphlet showing how this barrier might be restored and the shifting dunes fixed by sowing pines. The difficulty was to make the young plants take root in such a soil, but it was overcome by Bremontier's method. Since then the pine forests have not only covered the chains of dunes which run parallel to the coast, but have spread far inland, over immense tracts of level land called the landes rases, where great flocks of sheep were formerly tended by roaming shepherds on stilts.

The same mode of life continues, but in a much more restricted sense, for it is the exception now to find an open plain where sheep are browsing knee-deep in heather, the Landais shepherd, perched upon his high stilts, watching his flock as he knits, and looking like a fantastic giant against the horizon. Any wanderer in the Landes may, however, if he takes the trouble, still see this curious picture of pastoral life.

The use of stilts by the Landais peasants is the direct consequence of natural conditions, and as these conditions change, stilts must gradually disappear. There are several reasons why it has been always difficult to move about in the Landes on the soles of the feet, and these combined difficulties suggested the artificial lengthening of the legs. In the first place there is the sand, which is often loose and quite free from vegetation. The feet sink into it up to the ankles. Stilts also sink into it, although they end in round knobs or have hoofs of animals fastened to them to prevent this; but a man so mounted has great power over his artificial legs. Then the marshes have to be reckoned with. These used to be very extensive and were the cause of much malaria. It may seem strange that such a sandy soil should become marshy, but the explanation is simple. The sand, which is chiefly composed of quartz broken into minute particles, has conglomerated in the course of ages at a variable distance below the surface and formed a tuff impervious to water. Thus, nearly the whole effort of draining from the winter rains is thrown upon the process of evaporation, which does not suffice for the purpose. Hence the permanent lakes filling the deep hollows between the dunes and the wide marshes of the landes rases, which are, however, mostly covered with herbage in summer. Thither the shepherd takes his flock, stopping with his stilts from tuft to tuft of firmly fixed heather, and leading his sheep where the ground is safest and the herbage most abundant. Large tracts of this wild region are completely overgrown with furze, and here the use of stilts comes in again, for one would have to be encased in leather in order to walk through such a prickly wilderness.

Moreover, these long wooden legs which lift a man four or five feet above the ground, make long distances short to the Landais peasant, for while he is leisurely stepping, another person with only his natural legs to rely upon would have to run in order to keep up with him. Let the stiltman quicken his movement and the other would soon be left far behind. The rural postmen—there is a postal service even in the Landes—often go on stilts, especially in winter when so much of the flat country is under water. Stepping through the water in this way, the Landais, covered with his sheep's or goat's skin, when seen from a distance looks exceedingly like a giant flamingo. The resemblance would be quite startling if his legs were red. The flamingo, by-the-bye, is a bird not unknown in this desert. It is needless to say that the ease with which the Landais travels upon stilts, and dances upon them when in a festive mood, can only be gained by long practice. He learned the art in childhood, almost as soon as he felt quite firm upon the legs that nature gave him. The shepherds, who have used stilts all their lives, would feel like fish out of water if they were to follow their sheep on foot. Even in the wooded districts, from which sheep have nearly disappeared, giving place to cattle, the herdsman is frequently mounted on stilts as he accompanies his roaming animals while they crop the undergrowth of the forest.

When the Landais shepherd or herdsman starts off for the day, or, as it sometimes happens in summer, for two or three days, he carries a wallet containing food, chiefly bread—very dark from the quantity of rye that is in it—and a gourd filled with water. These are slung at his side. A gun is often strapped to his back, or in rainy weather a great blue cotton umbrella such as most people have seen in the rural districts of England. When he has mounted his stilts by the side of his hut and has strapped them to his legs, his wife hands him the wallet and gourd, and, if the weather be very wintry, a long brown cloak of home-spun, like the limousine worn by the shepherds upon the highlands of Central France. Then he is prepared for a long run, if necessary.

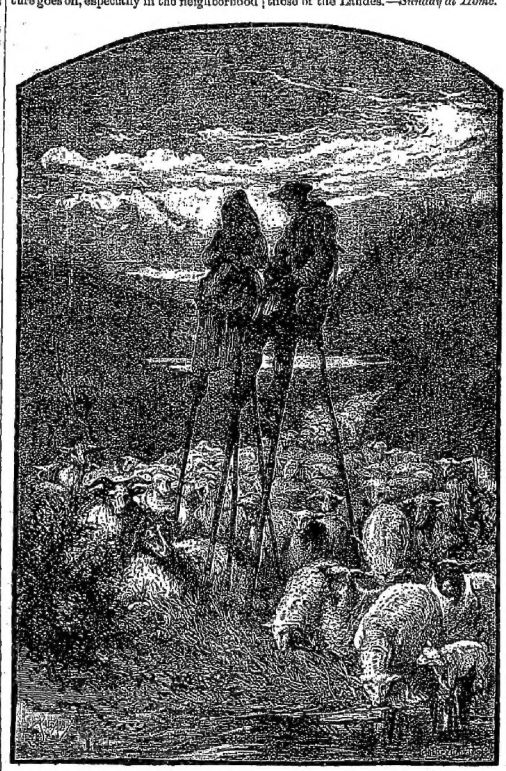
Although by far the greater part of the Landes north of the Adour is absolutely uncultivated, a certain amount of agriculture goes on, especially in the neighborhood of villages. The principal crops are maize, rye, and millet. There are few peasant proprietors. Most of the owners of the soil live elsewhere, and the land is leased upon the *métayer* or *colon* system. The *colon* or *métayer* is a tenant-farmer who pays no rent, but who divides all his produce with the owner. The latter has the best of the bargain, and the *colon* is as a rule so wretchedly poor that the landlord has not unfrequently to provide him with the means of subsistence in winter, when the crops have failed through drought or some other cause. The *colon* has sometimes to travel for days across the sandy or marshy country to a market where he can sell his produce. This is heaped in a very primitive bullock-waggon. When night comes on the beasts are unyoked, and the peasant either sleeps in the cart or makes a bed of straw by the side of it.

Another occupation is that of resin-gathering. Not only has the maritime pine saved hundreds of square miles from becoming as uninhabitable as an African desert, it has provided thousands of people with a certain means of subsistence.

The *resinier* has generally a comfortably built hut of pinewood, which includes a store-room for the resin. It is not uncommon to see three or four of these huts clustered together in the depths of the forest, for the love of companionship is deep-seated in the human heart. These men can earn about 50*l.* a year, but most of the money goes to the support of the family in some village. They live with the utmost frugality, their habitual drink being water, and rye bread their principal food.

The Landes have in different ages, commencing with the third century, produced men of note, the most celebrated of all being Vincent of Paul, who was born in 1567, at the miserable hamlet of Ranquines, near Dax.

No peasantry are freer from vice than those of the Landes.—*Sunday at Home.*



A PASTORAL IN THE LANDES.

MAMIE STUART.

MAMIE STUART'S "BECAUSE" BOOK.

It had come to her on her tenth birthday, the first day of May, 1890. A great handsome blank book containing as many pages as there are days in the year, and at the foot of each page, done in water colors, the words "because" and "therefore," each word occupying a line by itself. "What a queer book!" said Mamie.

Her mother explained that the object of the book was to give her a chance to write the story of the year, and to sum up each day's record as she went along. "There are always reasons for things," said Mrs. Stuart. "Whatever happens to you you will find that those two words fit. 'Because' you did thus and so, 'therefore' such results followed. Each day of your life may be marked as either a happy or an unhappy one; and the reasons therefor may be given briefly. I would like to have you keep careful and very truthful records, setting down the reasons for things as conscientiously as you can, and at the close of the year on the three undated pages give a summary of the whole. That is, give in brief what is the general story of the year, and what were the chief producing causes of your joys or sorrows."

"But, mamma," Mamie objected, "three pages will not give me room enough for that; just think how many reasons there will be for my joys; and I suppose almost as many for my sorrows."

"Try it," said Mrs. Stuart, smiling, "and see if you cannot summarize them on these three pages."

So the record of her year began, as I said, in May, 1890. At the close of the year it was a very interesting book. I wish I could show it to each of you. Mamie had carefully written out the story of each day as it came, and summarized it at the bottom of the page. She grew more and more astonished as the days passed, to see into what few words history could be compressed.

"Because I was selfish,
Therefore I lost a ride, and was unhappy."

So read the first day's story.

"Because I was vain of my new chain,
Therefore I quarrelled with Laura and was unhappy."

"Because I planned for baby's comfort and gave up to her,
Therefore papa took me to the fair, and I had a lovely time."

"Because I cried when it rained,
Therefore my nose and eyes were too swollen to go to the concert."

"Because I studied all the evening when I wanted to play,
Therefore I took the prize, and was glad and happy."

Thus on through the year went the story, Mamie becoming each day more interested in the synopsis which proved so conclusively that there was a reason for things, not only, but a reason which made the pronoun "I" very prominent. It began to be plainer to her than ever it had been before, that Mamie Stuart was responsible for most of the things which happened to Mamie Stuart. When her attention had been fully called to this, she struggled to have some of the accounts read differently, and was secretly glad, when she had scarlet fever and was obliged to give up her trip to the mountains, that at least she had something to record in which she was in no sense to blame. But much to her dismay, when the time came for the record, she found that to be strictly truthful she must write:

"Because I forgot and went into a strange house with the girls when mamma told me not to,
Therefore I caught the scarlet fever, and could not go to the mountains."

The year passed. The first day of May, 1891, came to Mamie Stuart, and she sat down to a careful reading of her big book, blank no longer, but filled from cover to cover with closely-written pages.

"I do wish I had fifty pages instead of three on which to write the summing up," she said to her mother. "I know I can never do it in the world in such a little space. Only think how many things have happened! Why, I have had hundreds of things to make me happy this year, and I have had more unhappies, I do believe, than I ever had before in my life."

"Ah! but," said mamma, "you have learned to go to the roots of things; after we have learned that lesson we do not need so much space in which to tell our stories. This record, like the others, begins with a 'because,' and closes with a 'therefore,' you know."

It took Mamie's leisure time for two entire days to complete her task, at the end of which she brought the book to her mother, with a grave and thoughtful face. "I had oceans of room," she said; "I did not need but four lines for all the stories of the year."

Mrs. Stuart smiled kindly on her young daughter, who was learning important lessons so rapidly, and opened the book to read on the last page her summary of the year. This was what she found:

"Because I forgot, and was selfish, or vain, or disobedient, or naughty in some way,
Therefore I had two hundred and seventy-three days, parts of which were unhappy."

"Because I tried to overcome my temptations, and think of others instead of myself, and do what was right,
Therefore I had the ninety-two pretty happy days."

MAMIE STUART, aged eleven years and one day.'
—*Pansy.*

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Matthews.)

CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

Allie was hardly in before Frank Winston had her out, and placed her on her feet, dripping, upon the bank, in order that he might restrain Jim, who had sprung forward, vengeance flashing from his eyes; evidently with the intention of repeating the process in the person of Louisa herself.

Hereupon ensued a most tremendous hubbub, all the children, of course, siding with Allie and her would-be avenger, and beseeching Mr. Winston to let the latter give Louisa the ducking she so richly deserved; in the midst of which I hurried off my dripping little sister, salt waters mingling with the fresh as we hastened up to the glen, to the nearest fire; whence I sent to call mother to take all needful precautions.

As the nearest house was a mile and a half away, it was necessary to improvise a greenwood dressing-room, where Allie was speedily disrobed; and, having been rolled in some of the various wraps brought by the guests, she was, poor child, put into our carriage, which was brought for her use as near the scene of the festivities as possible, and where she received numerous lady visitors, who, commiserating her condition, strove to lighten her temporary confinement by playing with her and telling her stories.

CHAPTER VII.—JIM'S REVENGE.

As may be supposed, the Misses Ainslie had not added to their small stock of popularity by their conduct on this occasion; and when the account of what had occurred transpired, they were sent to Coventry by all the other children and young people; and, indeed, cold looks and some very uncomplimentary remarks were their portion from some of the older ones.

Having, as I have said, a more than sufficiently good opinion of themselves, and what was due to them, they did not relish this state of things. Pretty Miss Du Barri, mortified and distressed at the misfortune of poor little Allie, which had been brought about by her troublesome charge, was absorbed in helping us to care for her comfort; and, knowing the utter uselessness of any reprimand or expostulation on the matter, she allowed her attention to be, for a time, taken from them; and, if anyone else saw them as they wandered away in search of amusement for themselves, no one was inclined to interfere, or attempt to exercise any authority over them.

One eye, it seemed, however, and that a revengeful one, was upon them; and Jim, bidding Bill to keep his counsel, and not betray him, followed them stealthily and at a safe distance, biding his time and opportunity to, as he said to Bill, "fix off them gals for what they'd done to Miss Allie."

Bill, nothing loth to aid and abet the impending punishment, made no mention of his comrade's intentions, but, on the contrary, strove to cover and conceal his absence; and, when that was discovered, excusing it on various pretexts.

Jim returned to his duties in the course of half an hour, carrying his arms full of wild clematis, wherewith to deck the table, as his excuse for his absence, and wearing the most demure and innocent of aspects, underneath which Bill discerned a gratifying consciousness that he had achieved his purpose. He asked no questions, however, being acute enough to know that it was not well to draw attention to Jim's proceedings, whatever these might have been, by any appearance of private consultations or confidences.

But when the summons to lunch was given, and, one after another, the different parties and groups of guests, who had dispersed here and there in search of such diversion as suited their respective tastes, gathered together, the Misses Ainslie were missing. The call was sounded again and again, but all in vain so far as they were concerned, although they were not wont to absent themselves at such times as offered entertainment to the inner man.

Miss Du Barri, of course, became anxious, when they did not appear, and, although most of the company could well have dispensed with their presence, when she rose to seek them out, three or four of the gentlemen volunteered to share in the quest.

Spite of the unpopularity of the missing children, there was more or less anxiety felt by all the company at their prolonged absence, for there were some dangerous places on the borders of the lake, and as it was known that they had wandered off in that direction, it was possible that they might have come to harm.

Jim, who was doing such credit to Thomas' training as a table servant that he astonished all who knew of his antecedents, was, at the moment when the searching party set off, engaged in handing round a dish of chicken salad. I was seated at the opposite side of the flat rock, which was serving some of the company as a table, and around which he was passing; and, chancing to look up at him, I detected, behind his expression of innocent and guileless decorum, a certain something which convinced me that he was either meditating or had already accomplished some mischief. And my suspicions were confirmed when, the next moment, Bill passed near him, and exchanging an inquiring glance with him, as who should say—"Do you know anything about this business?"—was answered by a roll of the eyes and a furtive thrust of his tongue into his cheek, which were as good as words to those who were acquainted with Jim's ways.

Was it possible that this mischief, whatever it might be, was connected with the missing children? It seemed hardly possible; but there had been something in the gleam of Jim's eye, as he just glanced after the retreating figures of the exploring party, that conveyed to my mind the idea that it was so, and I know his capabilities.

"Milly," I whispered, as soon as I could do so without subjecting myself to the imputation of incivility, "I think those boys know something of the lost sheep."

"What boys? Douglas and Norman?" said Milly, surprised.

"No, indeed," I answered, "but Bill and Jim!"

"How could they? Why should they not tell?" asked Milly, incredulously.

"The how and the why I cannot speak for," I answered, "but they both have an air of such superlative innocence and unconcern, that I am convinced that they do know. Why! if anyone or anything is lost, is not Jim always the first to start off in pursuit, and usually the first one to come upon the scent? And look at him now; the thing farthest from his thoughts is going in search of the children, or giving any information as to their whereabouts; and yet he is intent on the first whisper which will shed light upon it."

Milly turned a little pale.

"You do not think they—the boys—have done any harm? They could not! they dare not!" she said; but her heart evidently misgave her.

"There! you have less faith in your heroes than I have," I said. "I do not believe that Bill or Jim have done any harm to the girls; only, I do think they know—or at least Jim knows—what has become of them."

At this thrust St. Milly at once assumed an appearance of confidence which I am sure she did not feel, and declared that she knew her *proteges* to be quite incapable either of harming the girls, or of allowing such anxiety to be felt on their account, if they had the power to remove it; but, nevertheless, my belief was not shaken.

From time to time different members of the searching party returned to the rendezvous to see if the missing children had been heard from; and still no news came, the wonder and anxiety grew. Jim's manner, too, at length grew restless; and Bill kept casting inquiring and half-warning glances at him. Convinced at last that something lay behind this, Milly called Jim aside from the dish-washing in which he was—despite his well-known prejudices to that occupation—now pretending to be absorbed, and insisted that he should tell her if he did know anything of the lost children, or if he had seen them since he had brought Daisy from the brook.

(To be Continued.)

MANY INSURANCE OFFICES now refuse to accept publicans' lives on any terms. Out of 774 new policies issued last year by one society, 476 were on the lives of total abstainers.

LAZY LADS.

Sing a song of summer,
Sunflowers and all,
Sing a song of lazy lads
Lounging on a wall
Lounging and laughing,
Drawing lots to see
Which shall wheel the weeds away
Before they go to tea.

Sing a song of summer,
Sunflowers and all,
Sing a song of frightened lads
Skurrying down the wall.
"Father! Father's coming!
Hurry quick, for he
Said if they weren't wheeled away
We needn't come to tea.

—*Laura E. Richards in Youth's Companion.*

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Matthews.)

CHAPTER VII.—*Continued.*

But, at this moment, and before the boy could either deny or confess any share in or knowledge of their disappearance, a loud, glad shout was heard, a shout of unmistakable relief, which plainly told that the lost were found; and the next moment Frank Winston's tall figure appeared upon the ledge of the rock on the farther side of the stream, waving his hat, and shouting aloud that it was "all right!"

And, in a very few moments now, the two little girls, the one sulky, the other enraged, and both wearing the appearance of being at war with themselves, each other, and all the rest of the world, were landed safely among us.

They had been found, it seemed, by Mr. Winston and some of the other gentlemen, locked up in the little shanty left by the ice-men; but how they had come to be in there was still a mystery, for the key had been found upon the outside of the door; and, as yet, they had given no account of themselves. It was some time before they could be induced to tell what had befallen them; but, at last, Louisa, related between tears and sobs, how she and her sister had wandered off, wading the brook, and then climbing the opposite bank, and going farther and farther on among the trees and bushes, until they came to the ice-men's hut. Here, curious to see what was within, they entered—the door being partly open, and nobody in sight—and were, to use their own words, "just poking about," in the little hut, when the door was suddenly closed, and they heard the key turned in the lock on the outside, leaving them prisoners, with only such a faint light as came through the chinks between the logs of the hut. They called and screamed and kicked and pounded, but all in vain; no one heard for a long time, until, at last, some of the searching party, coming within a short distance, heard their cries, and came instantly to the rescue. There was no doubt that some one had played a trick upon them; the door was securely locked upon the outside, and no blast of wind, or sudden jar, could have shot the bolt, which was by no means easy to turn.

Milly and I knew too well who was the guilty person; but we should both of us have held our peace until we were at home, had not the suspicions of the rest of the guests fallen upon him. His desire to avenge Allie's wrongs had shown itself so plainly that this was but natural. Moreover, he was observed to be at this moment in a wildly exultant state, having withdrawn a little to one side, and being engaged in a species of Indian scalp-dance, probably expressive of his feelings of satisfaction and triumph at the result of his punishment; for punished severely these two young damsels had certainly been, if one might judge by their tear-stained faces, and generally woe-begone aspect. I fear, however, that the sympathies of most of the party were with the avenger, and that no one would have been disposed to be very hard with him. The punishment was considered well-deserved, even if it had been administered by hands which had no title to do so.

But he must not be suffered to go unquestioned and unreproved, if he had been really guilty of such a trick; and Milly went to him to ask if this were so.

"Jim," she said, gravely, as his gymnastics came to an abrupt end at her approach, and as he caught sight of her sober face, "Jim, did you lock those young ladies up in the hut?"

Jim's face grew sullen and dogged, taking on more of its old expression than it had worn for a long time; but he made no answer, beyond what was conveyed by his looks.

"Jim," said Milly, again, "did you do it? I am afraid you did."

"'Taint no more nor serves 'em right if I did," said Jim, sulkily; "they'd got to be paid off for duckin' of our Miss Allie."

"It was not your place to do it, Jim," said Milly, taking this as acknowldgment he had done the deed.

"Now, Miss Milly," said the boy, with less of disrespect than he had shown before, "you ain't got me to be that pious that I've come to be forgivin' of my enemies."

"The Misses Ainslie are not your enemies, Jim," answered Milly, "and they have never done you any harm."

"They did to Miss Allie, then," said the boy, "an' to that lady, too, Miss Du Barri; they sassed her awful. I wouldn't go for to do it, an' they call theirselves ladies, too—an' they are my enemies. I'm goin' to take 'em fur enemies, anyhow. An' yer ain't got no call to take sides with them gals agen your own little sister, Miss Milly. An' yer needn't trouble to sen' me home, 'cause I'm a-goin' anyhow."

With which, and before Milly could interefere, or say that she had no such fell intention, he was off like a shot, down the glen and out of sight in two minutes.

We were miles away from home—this part of the country was entirely new ground to Jim—and Milly could not but feel anxiety on his account, as she feared he might be lost. However, when she communicated her apprehensions to the rest of the family, they told her she need have no fears on that score, as he could not go very far in any direction without coming to some habitation, where he might be set upon the homeward road; and, although the walk was a long one, it would be no killing matter for a strong, active boy of Jim's age. There was those among us, however, who thought it more than probable that, feeling himself to be in disgrace, Jim might not go home, but would wander off for a while, and, perhaps, even return to his old vagabond life. Not so St. Milly; she staunchly maintained that Jim would, at least, endeavor to go directly home, and triumphantly instanced Bill's faithfulness to his trust on the Fourth of July, as a proof that her *proteges* were not at all inclined to return to their old ways. Nevertheless, Milly's pleasure was quite spoiled for the remainder of the day.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE RESCUE.

This was, it seemed, destined to be a day of contretemps, which was an unusual thing at Mrs. Prescott's entertainments, for they generally passed over without a flaw of any kind.

The Ainslie children, not receiving the full amount of sympathy to which they thought themselves entitled, by virtue of their late misfortunes and their own merits, resented it by refusing to remain longer, and declared that they would go home, and that Miss Du Barri should go with them. Mrs. Prescott and others among the ladies strove to combat this whim, on account of their governess, who had little pleasure in her life; but in vain. They insisted upon going at once, and on having Miss Du Barri go with them. She was "hired to wait upon them," they said, was "not any better than another servant," was "so poor that she had to teach," while they had "lots of money, more than anyone there, grown up or little;" and delivered themselves of various other amenities more forcible than gratifying, and which caused our ears to tingle and our blood to boil. But poor Miss Du Barri, driven past her patience at last consented to go; at the same time confiding to Mrs. Prescott her resolution, that this should not only be the last time she would accompany her unruly charges to any merry-making, but her intention to resign her position without further delay. This was always the fate, after a short interval, of each and every lady who had the hardihood to assume the care of these young persons.

"I must have some ferns before I go home," said Milly, later in the afternoon; "there are such lovely ones all through this glen, prettier than any I can find near home."

"O, there are such beauties on the other side of the hill, there!" I said, remembering those I had noticed in my scramble with Frank Winston. "Let us go and find some."

Three or four others said that they would go also; and presently half-a-dozen were scrambling up the rugged path which Frank and I had already traversed once that day. He was with us again, and, as little Daisy had begged to be permitted to go, he was helping her on. Mother had raised some objections to having Daisy go, as she feared it was hardly safe for her; but as the pet assured her that the "grown-ups" would take very good care of her, and we made like promises on her behalf, she was allowed to accompany us.

Arrived at the summit, however, where the view was even more beautiful in the declining rays of the sun than it had been in the morning, if that were possible, the "grown-ups," I am sorry to say, with the exception of Milly, allowed themselves to be diverted from all thoughts of care for Daisy, and went rambling and scrambling hither and thither, in search of ferns, mosses, clematis, and other woodland delights.

Milly alone remained faithful to the trust, and, taking our little sister under her special charge, kept her from venturing into any dangerous place, and helped her to gather such treasures as took the child's fancy. The two were presently left to themselves, for we were all out of their sight, although not out of hearing.

(To be Continued.)

THE BREWER.

"The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."—Genesis iv. 9, 10.

The Brewer sat in his lordly home,
And a gentleman was he;
A kindly man, and a Christian man,
And he gave right liberally.

And all around him spoke of wealth,
The costly and the rare
Bedecked his rooms, and his lovely child
Sat perched upon his chair.

Her golden hair fell softly down;
Her tender eyes of blue
Looked into his own with anxious gaze,
And an earnest purpose, too.

"Papa," she said, with a troubled voice,
"I'm so very sad to-day,
For I heard them say such dreadful things
As I came along the way.

"There were several drunken people there,
At the corner of the street,
Near the 'public-house' at the Manor Square,
Not able to keep their feet.

"A woman lay down, she looked quite dead,
Stretched out on the dirty flags,
And boys and girls were screaming round,
And children dressed in rags.

"And as I passed they looked at me,
And one cried out with a sneer,
'There goes the Brewer's child, my lads:
Hurrah! for her father's beer!'

"'Have a pint to taste, it is fine and strong,
Little Miss,' said a horrid man—
His eyes were bleared, his nose so red—
But I took to flight and ran.

"And a pale, thin woman who looked quite wild,
Came near as I hastened on,
And she shrieked, 'A curse on the Brewer's child
A curse both deep and strong.

"'He's rich, and high, and grand, and great!
And she's dressed like a queen so dear,
While all mine lie in a drunkard's grave
The fault of her father's beer.'"

"Then nurse ran after, and said, 'Don't mind,
They are all of them raving drunk.'
Papa dear, was it indeed your beer?"—
The face of the Brewer sunk;

He hid his head in the golden hair,
While his heart seemed like to break.
"Not yours, papa, oh! say not yours,
Say no, for your Eva's sake!"

But before him passed each corner shop,
With its shining, flashing flame,
(Where none come out, as they enter in!)
Each headed by his own name!

That curse on his child, his loved, his own,
Seem'd laid at that father's door!
Oh, God!" he cried, "can this be true,
I've grown rich on the ruined poor?

'I've brewed the draught that has thousands slain,
While I slept on a pillow of ease,
With conscience lull'd, and a happy brow,
Not thinking of them, or these?"

And down on his bended knees he fell,
And he clasp'd his darling near,
And vowed if the Lord would avert the curse,
No matter the cost, nor how dear,

He would never more be the evil means
Of sending poor souls to hell,
He would dig for bread, give up his gold,
But serve the Lord, and well!

* * * * * * * * * *

Oh! men of wealth, who sip the sweets,
No fancy sketch is here;
There are thousands who curse the brewer's gains,
His children, and his beer;

Widows, whose staff of life is gone,—
Children, who roam the street,—
And young and fair,—now soiled and wan,—
And tottering, aged feet!

And what is your plea for the harvest day,
When the score of your work is told?
What treasure stored for eternity?
The beer you brewed? Your gold?

The churches you built? The missions raised?
The fortune that made your fame?
'Tis all unfit to offer to God!
'Tis tainted with sin and shame!

He wants not your bricks, nor stone, nor spire,
Nor grand cathedral dome,
Whose belfry tolls your victim's knell—
"Lost! Lost! to heaven and home!"

A shoeblack, righteous, sober, true,
Is nobler, scrubbing feet;
'Twere better to die in a pauper's bed,
'Twere better to sweep a street,

Than drive in gilded coach and four,
And feast on richest cheer,
And know the price is murdered souls,
Slain by that poisonous beer.

Yea, better to be the publican!
Your brother, with lesser share,
For he only fires the shot that kills;
But the bullets you prepare!

—*George Reynolds.*

TAUGHT BY A HEN.

BY THE REV. JACOB CHAMBERLAIN, M.D., D.D., INDIA.

Yes, I have been taught by a hen, this week. And the lesson has done me good.

You must know that the hens in India are members of the family. They live in the houses of the Hindus, as much as the children. They feel perfectly at home, and the children pick them up in their arms, as we would a kitten, and they have no hesitation in laying an egg in the best place in the house they can find. I have known of a native gentleman who took off his gold-bordered gauze turban and carefully placed it upside down on a mat in the corner of the room while he was eating his dinner; and when he rose and wished to put the turban on quickly, he found the pet hen quietly sitting in it laying an egg!

But to return to my lesson. One of my young native assistants came in from his village, six miles out, where he is endeavoring to instruct a congregation of those who have lately renounced heathenism, and placed themselves under Christian instruction, and presented the diary of his month's work for my inspection. For we wish to know in how many, and which of the surrounding heathen villages each native assistant has preached during the month, what chapters he has read and expounded to the new Christians at daily evening prayers in the school-house, and so on, in order that we may give the better counsel and direction for the next month. His diary was, this time, written in three different colors of ink. I asked the reason.

"Well, sir," said he, "you see our pet hen was determined to sit."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, we would not let her, and kept all the eggs out of her reach."

"Yes, go on."

"Well, sir, one morning—it was the 10th, for you see the color of the ink changes then—I came in from my morning preaching in a heathen village a mile north, and found that that hen had come in while my wife was in the kitchen, and jumped on to my low writing desk, and scratched off the small brown-stone ink-bottle into a corner. The ink had all run out; but there she was sitting on that bottle, determined to hatch that, if we would not give her eggs. I had to fight to get it away from her, she was so resolved to sit on it. The ink was all gone, and as I had no more black ink, I had to use blue."

"Well," said I laughing, "how is it that, a week later, you changed again to red?"

"Why, you see, sir, I kept the blue ink-bottle hung up on the wall out of reach for a week, till I thought she had forgotten about it. At all events I forgot, and went out one day and left this bottle open on the desk, just as I had been using it. And, sir, when I came back, there was the old hen with this ink-bottle under her in the same corner as before, and a streak of blue ink on the floor all the way up to the corner, and the bottle empty. I had nothing but red ink left in the house, and so I had to use that until I could come in here and get some more black ink."

"Well," said I, laughing again, "what have you done with the old hen?"

"Why, we thought that if she was so determined to sit, we had better furnish her with eggs to sit on. She is sitting on seven eggs in that very corner now."

"Well," said I, "she gained her point by a firm persistence in attempting to do her duty according to the light she had, and it is a lesson that you and I may well heed for ourselves."

I have thought it over a good deal since, and I keep extracting comfort from it. We missionaries, here in India, have some very poor material to work upon; and some that seems to our eyes promising, and we do not know that it will not spring into life, any more than mistress hen comprehended the fact that the ink bottles would not hatch. We work on, with zeal and earnestness. The Master sees our persistent effort; knows that it is perhaps fruitless on that material, and honors our purpose of service to him by substituting more promising material.

There is a village of people fifteen miles from here, for whose conversion I have worked hard for some years. I did think them promising; but they remain still unmoved, and now seem almost as though they had no germ of life in them, but we have worked on. To-day comes in word from five families, living a mile north of them—of a higher caste and of much more intelligence, but among whom we had not worked, except casually—saying that they wish to embrace the religion of Jesus, and be taught to follow him. "Yes," said I, when the news reached me. "We have been in our ignorance perseveringly sitting on ink bottles, and now God has given us eggs!"

Does not many an earnest minister in Christian lands labor and pray and yearn for the conversion of certain individuals in his flock; and, though these, perchance, remain cold and hard and lifeless, does not God often honor their honest labor by sending to them other souls as seekers, of whom, perhaps, they have never thought?

"Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

"Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky."

—*Madanapalle, India.*

EFFIE'S INVITATION.

FANNIE S. TILTON.

She was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked school-girl, and as the town's people saw her sauntering home from school with one and another friend, they would nod smilingly toward her, and say to each other,—

"There goes a pleasant little girl. Good scholar, too; and she does have about the best time in a quiet way when school is out."

But even these kindly-disposed people didn't give Effie credit for some solemn thoughts which crowded upon her as she considered her responsibilities in life. Only a few months before she had given that life to her Saviour, won by his great and marvellous love for her; and, as always happens, she wanted all her friends and school-mates to participate in that love. She had found a new pleasure in the weekly prayer-meeting of the scholars, although she had always been a regular attendant before her conversion; but now she was one of the workers, and their heads were full of new plans for winning others to Christ. Only last Thursday all the Christian boys and girls had pledged themselves to ask at least one school-mate, who did not usually attend the meetings, to come the following week, and to secure their attendance if possible; and now the week was almost gone, and still Effie hadn't given her invitation. Don't think the child meant to shirk! Oh, no! but there were so few of her friends whom she had not previously invited, and they occasionally attended the meetings. So this had been a great subject for Effie's prayers, and as yet she had received no answer. One or two positively refused, and others carelessly answered, "Perhaps."

She was thinking of this on Thursday afternoon as she hastened up the street to school, and realized that she had only one more recess for her effort, when she was suddenly joined by a tall youth who just then emerged from one of the yards fronting the street. They had hardly exchanged friendly greetings, when there came a great choking in Effie's throat, and her heart thumped as loud as the school-house bell, for she knew that here was her opportunity. Like a lightning-flash all the old excuses went through her mind: "What will he think? I know he won't go; I shall only get laughed at," and so on indefinitely, as all the while they were gaily chatting and rapidly nearing the school-house. Almost before she knew it she said as they turned in at the gate,—

"Won't you stop to our prayer-meeting to-night? They are very interesting, and Charlie B. leads this time."

A wondering look passed over his face, but he answered in quite a new and gentle tone, "I don't know. I can as well as not. Do you stay?"

"Oh, yes, always," was the prompt response, as they hastened to their respective desks.

Outwardly Effie was calm and studious and attentive all that afternoon, but there was a subdued inward excitement, which was only partially quieted by the frequent petitions which arose from her inmost heart; and as the closing bell was rung, and twenty or more of the scholars repaired to their usual place of meeting, she didn't even dare to raise her eyes to see if Bert C. were coming.

Yes, he did come; and that was only the beginning. He came again and again, and in a few months he had asked his school-mates to pray for him, and soon joined the church he had always attended.

Can anything ever sound sweeter to Effie's ears than Bert's words one afternoon, after they had been to the meeting and were quietly talking it over on their way home? As they parted, he suddenly grasped her hand and said,—

"How can I thank you? You did it!" and was gone.

Effie is not the only gay and happy school-girl who looks up and thus lifts up her companions.—*Zion's Herald.*

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR?

What makes a boy popular? Manliness, says Hezekiah Butterworth in *The Ladies' Home Journal.* The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister, is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own heart and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak will one day become a hero among the strong. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will one day find himself in the atmosphere of universal sympathy. "I know not," once said the Great Governor Andrew, "what record of sin may await me in another world: but this I do know: I never yet despised a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black.

Shall I tell you how to become a popular boy? I will. Be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor, and love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts and delight to make you happy.

THE GREATEST OBSTACLE.

THE GREATEST OBSTACLE to the correct application of sanitary principles is either the ignorance or carelessness of those likely to be benefited. Men of general intelligence will allow their farmyards, cellars, ponds, drains, etc., to be breeders of disease, which may endanger not only their lives but that of the neighborhood, simply through carelessness, or fear of temporary expense, and through ignorance often of the serious consequences involved. If the masses of the people possessed proper education in sanitary matters the death rate, in the rural districts especially, would be very much lessened.—*Canada Health Journal.*

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